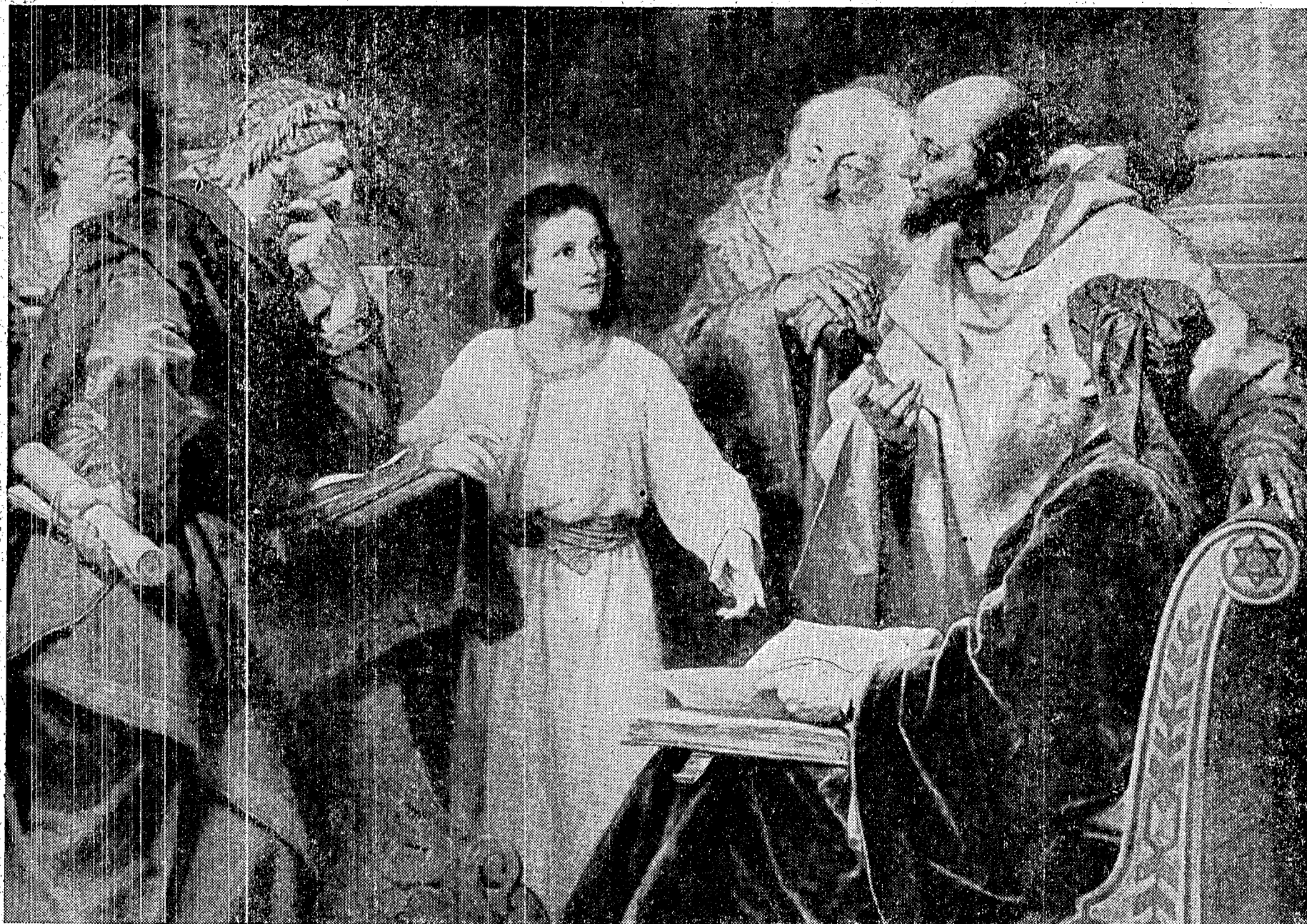


CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Every Wednesday—Fivepence

FOUNDED BY
ARTHUR MEE

Week Ending 22nd December, 1962



Remember—Christmas is His Birthday

This picture by the 18th-century German artist Johann Hofmann is of the boy Jesus talking with the learned men of his time (as we read in the second chapter of St. Luke's gospel) "both hearing them, and asking them

questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

Christmas Day commemorates the beginning of that wonderful boyhood and of the life to which it led.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL!

Readers' Letters

Why don't you write to me this week? (The Editor, Children's Newspaper, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London; E.C.4)

My Most Memorable Christmas...

Only Dad after all

Dear Sir,—The most unusual Christmas was when I saw someone creep into my bedroom with his arms full of things. I suddenly realised it was my dad. The trouble is that ever since I have had to keep the secret from my younger brothers and sisters. It



did not seem so real without Father Christmas but I have got used to it now.

Clare Westley (12), Croydon, Surrey.

Tree that swayed with the sea

Dear Sir,—I spent a very exciting Christmas on board the Royal Mail ship *Amazon* on the way from Rio de Janeiro to London.

On Christmas Day there was a church service in the lounge.

We were still in the tropics, so before lunch I went for a swim in the ship's pool. Lunch was on deck, eating in the hot sun.

During the afternoon I went up to the bridge to wish a Happy Christmas to some of the officers.

The lights of the tree were lit and only the slight pitching of the ship gave away that we were at sea.

Carol Landale (14), Great Missenden, Bucks.

The real meaning

Dear Sir,—Last Christmas I went to a guest house in Devon.

The unusual part of the holiday was that there was a balance between the real meaning of Christmas, which is the celebration of the birth of Christ, and the merriment side. We had games, dancing, and walks.

On Christmas morning we were woken by the sound of the community singing carols and in the evening there was a tableau of the birth of Christ and some of the children sang.

Alan Gray, New Barnet.

Happy in hospital

Dear Sir,—I think my most memorable Christmas was when I was in hospital. The nurses and doctors dressed up as Father Christmas and fairies. They came through the middle of the ward on a big sledge and gave each person a present.

When they took the tree down they put each child's name in a hat. I was one of the names

drawn out and received the Fairy Queen. I intend to keep it always. I was six when I went into hospital and seven when I came out.

Margaret Jenkins (13), Walworth, London.

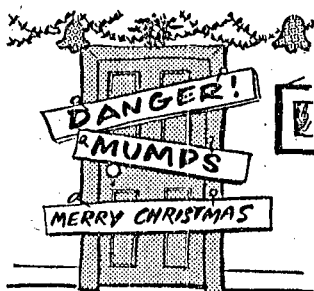
Wish granted

Dear Editor,—I think my most memorable Christmas will be this year, if my letter is published.

C. Wells, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey.

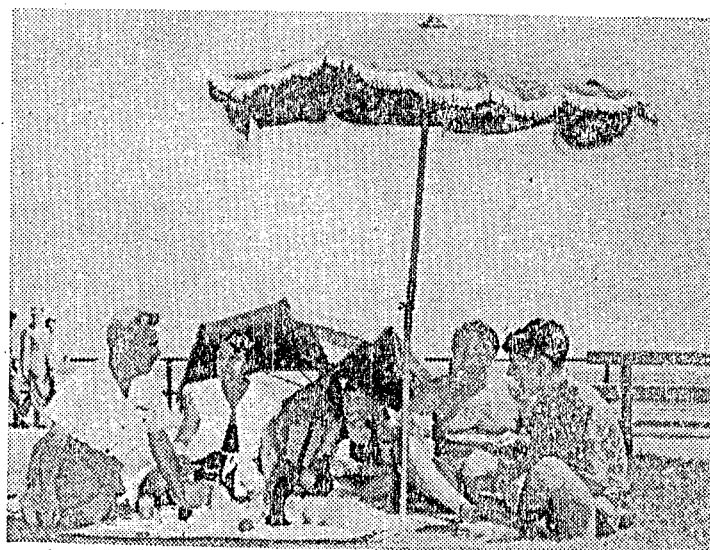
Memorable mumps

Dear Sir,—My most memorable Christmas was when I caught mumps. I could not be in the same room as everyone else. One of my uncles came in and stood right next to me and he did not



catch the mumps. Then another one stood over on the other side of the room and he caught the mumps very badly and he had it for about 13 weeks.

Jacqueline Gold, West Ealing, London.



Australians spend Christmas in hot sunshine

Keeping the dinner cold!

Dear Sir,—In Australia it's summertime in December and at Christmas five years ago my parents and several friends decided to have our Xmas dinner by a river. The turkey was cooked the day before and lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, and hard-boiled eggs were packed in ice cubes to keep them cold, and so were water-melons, mangoes, jelly, and ice cream.

When we arrived we went swimming. It was my last hot

Christmas. The next was a white one in England.

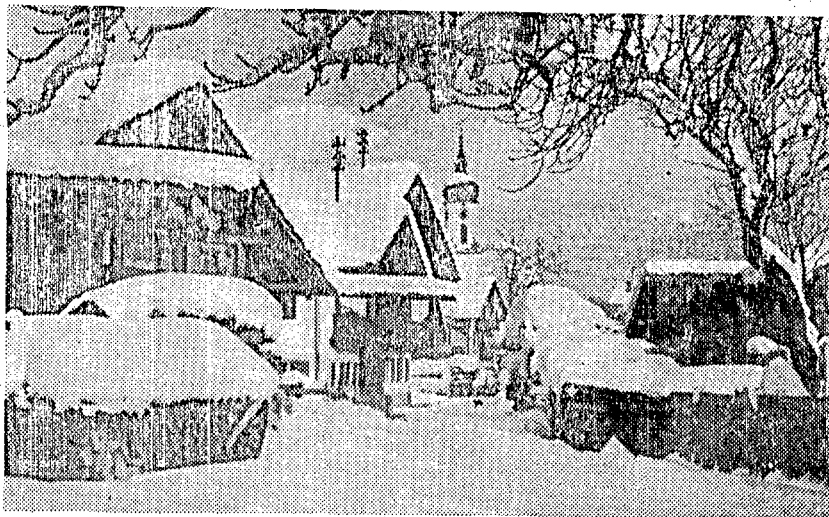
Marjorie Graham, Carlisle.

Two's company

Dear Sir,—I think my most happy Christmas was last year when my baby sister was one year old. She was thrilled with the lights and kept on opening my presents.

Elizabeth Hazell (11), Dorking, Surrey.

Where time stood still



Dear Sir,—A few years ago we spent Christmas in a small village in the Bavarian Alps. There was a carpet of snow when we went to Midnight Mass.

On Christmas Day we were wakened by the peal of bells. I could see right across the valley from my bedroom window. We had a sleigh ride on the slopes round the village, then went down to the square where a large fir tree stood with gaily coloured lights.

Sally West (17), Gloucester.

Forest of spun glass

Dear Sir,—Last year, we were driving north after spending part of the Christmas holidays in Devonshire, and decided, in spite of the snow, to go through the Cheddar Gorge.

There was snow over 12 inches deep on the great crags and the stalks of the bracken were encased in ice. The sun had come out and made the bracken look like a glinting miniature forest of spun glass.

Margot Lunnon (14), Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Something to remember

Dear Sir,—One Christmas Eve, regardless of warnings, I was playing on the stairs when suddenly my baby brother yelled. I was so startled that I slipped and cracked my head on our four-cornered bannister-post. The next thing I knew I was in bed with stitches in my forehead.

I remember that Christmas Eve every time I walk downstairs.

Jennifer Primhak (11), East Finchley, London.

Home again

Dear Sir,—My most memorable Christmas was when my mother came home from hospital two days before Christmas Eve. She had to stay in bed, so we all trooped upstairs and laid a tray over her bed and had our Christmas tea sitting in a circle with her in the centre.

We could not eat much as we were so excited at having her back. Without her we would not have had a real Christmas.

Rosemary Berry, Lancing, Sussex.

A guinea has been sent to the writer of each letter published below

Christmas was curry time

Dear Sir,—I am the daughter of an Irish Presbyterian Missionary of India and my happiest Christmas was three years ago, in Rajkot, a town about 150 miles north of Bombay. I was helping Daddy to parcel small gifts for boys of a tiny school in a village 20 miles from home.

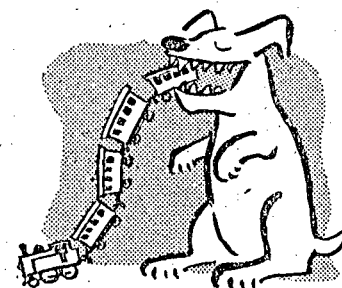
Christmas Day was unusually cool, only about 85-90 degrees Fahrenheit, but we were sweltering by the time we reached the village, where we were welcomed by the pastor, his wife, son, and nine daughters. Before we entered the house we took off our sandals and washed our feet and hands, as was the custom, and then we had a cool glass of buffalo milk and fruit.

Before we were allowed to go home that night we were treated to a scrumptious meal of curry, pancakes, chopped-up tomato and onion, dates, bananas and raisins—all served on banana leaves instead of plates.

Clara Young (13), Henleaze, Bristol.

Unpresentable pup

Dear Sir,—My most memorable Christmas was when we left our boxer pup alone in the room with the presents because we did not



wish to frighten it with the crackers.

When the family returned to the room for the giving of presents, to our horror we found most of the smaller ones with corners and edges chewed up. The naughty pup was sitting by the fire, innocently wagging his tail.

E. Rush (13), High Wycombe, Bucks.

Greetings from the menagerie

Dear Sir,—One Christmas we arrived by air from India. When we reached my aunt's we found her menagerie greeting us. There were one monkey, two cats, eleven dogs, eight pigeons, two flying squirrels and a parrot.

Alan Barker, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts.

NEXT WEEK'S CN

The next number, dated 29th December, will be on sale on SATURDAY, 22nd December.



Christmas Round-up

BY ERNEST THOMSON



THE first Yuletide sparkles come in BBC junior TV's *Animal Magic* on Wednesday. Two woolly monkeys, Darkie and Dinah, and two young elephants, Christina and Wendy, are to be given presents by Johnnie Morris.

Crackerjack, on Thursday, weighs in with a special Christmas edition. Eamonn Andrews' guest star will be David Nixon, joining the regular team. Stay up till 8.45 p.m. and you'll catch Jimmy Edwards playing the front end of a panto horse, with Ronnie Barker as the other half.



Eamonn Andrews

finalists in TV's first *Top Of The Form* contest.

Bronco pops up at turkey-time (1.20 p.m.), followed by Max Bygraves visiting a children's hospital. Billy Smart's Circus helps to fill in the rest of Christmas afternoon until, at 4.45, we are transported to wonderful Disneyland with Hayley Mills.



Max Bygraves

Puss In Boots is the BBC's biggest TV show on Christmas night. It was recorded recently in the Golders Green Hippodrome, with David Nixon as the King, Sylvia Norman as Principal Boy and Patricia Cree as "Puss."



On A-R, Howard Williams, Muriel Young, and Fred Barker have a party date with Ollie Beak in *Christmas Rendezvous*

THE Boxing Day trail leads to *Dial Rix* at 5 p.m., with Brian in trouble again, this time facing up to Christmas without as much as a halfpenny. At 7.30 there's the *Johnnie Mathis Show*, featuring the young Californian coloured singer who first won sports fame at the high jump.

A REALLY "Christmassy" offering on ITV is *A Box Of Birds* on Sunday morning. The highlight is a remarkable model depicting the Nativity and the stable in Nazareth. It was made by about 60 children of Springbank School, Leeds, aged from six to eight.

ATV, who present this programme, carry on the seasonal tradition on 24th December in

Seeing Sport, appropriately devoted to lessons in ice-skating at the Richmond Rink.



David Nixon as the King in BBC's *Puss In Boots*

As Christmas falls on Tuesday, A-R are changing *Tuesday Rendezvous* to *Christmas Rendezvous* and giving it a fairy tale touch. The story begins with Ollie Beak and Fred Barker running slap into trouble during preparations for a party. They go to sleep. And then...

Bbc junior radio's *Overseas Postbag* is the highlight on Christmas Eve. Children all over the world have sent recorded greetings, some in the form of songs.

THE QUEEN'S BROADCAST

The Queen's Christmas broadcast is being transmitted five times during the day. On sound radio it can be heard in the Home Service at 9.30 a.m., at 1 p.m., and in the News at 6.50 p.m. BBC television and ITV are relaying it simultaneously at 3 p.m.

on RECORD LUCKY CHRISTMAS FOR TWO

Exactly a year ago this week Gillian Stephens and Roger Cook, two young people from Bristol, thought they were finished with show business for good. It was Christmas and they had been trying to get the big break that would bring them fame.



But all along they were dogged by ill luck. They had worked hard with a group called The Sapphires which found success in the West Country—but nowhere else. They were so hard up that, when they moved to London, they often had to walk to their engagements because they hadn't got the fare.

"That was at Christmas," recalls Roger.

Afterwards they met again and decided to have one more try. They called themselves Jon and Julie and this time it seems they hit the bullseye. Their first record *Hey, Beautiful* (Columbia 45-DB-4931. Single), one of Jon's own compositions, is on release a year after they had decided that show business was hopeless.

OTHER NEW DISCS

A talented singing group has made a seasonal extended player called *Four Winter Songs* (Pye, NEP. 34015. EP. 12s.) The Countrymen sing with a great warmth of feeling.

All the latest dances for your Christmas party—*Top Teen Dances* (Stateside, SE.1004 EP. 11s. 24d.). They include the Twist, the Madison and the Pop-eye.

The tuneful sounds of the Leroy Anderson Orchestra make *A Christmas Festival* (Brunswick, LAT 8513. 35s. 9d.) a pleasant listening experience.

During the holiday you may see the new Hayley Mills film *In Search Of The Castaways*. Here Hayley sings four songs from the picture on Decca, DFE. 8512. (EP. 11s. 3d.).

The choir of King's College, Cambridge, which broadcasts every Christmas Eve, sings beautifully on an LP, called *On Christmas Night* (Argo, RG 325. 40s.) Traditional carols and a superbly-designed record sleeve.



Boss, Happy and Bonehead try a song at the piano

IF you like your Christmas crazy, don't miss a *Bonehead* repeat in junior TV on 24th December. Those three old lags—"Boss" (Paul Whitsun-Jones) "Happy" (Douglas Blackwell) and "Bonehead" (Colin Douglas) were never funnier than in this *Christmas Crackers* episode.

THE BBC's next seasonable item is on Sunday afternoon, when *World Zoos* takes us to the Jerusalem Zoo for *Animals Of The Bible*. In the evening we can see and hear the Royal Choral Society under Sir Malcolm Sargent in a programme of carols.

ON Christmas morning TV has a 10 o'clock start with a new film on Atlanta the Tame Seal. For an hour before turkey and plum-pudding time you can watch another edition of the teenagers' own "pop" show, *Like... Music*, with Bernard Herrman and the Northern Dance Orchestra.

ON the same night a fine Christmas present awaits either the Grove Park (Wrexham) School for Boys or the Kingston Boys' Grammar School. They are



The Princess (Bunty Turner), Puss in Boots, and the Principal Boy

**FILM
SPOT**

TARZAN AMONG THE ELEPHANTS



Tarzan—always ready for anything

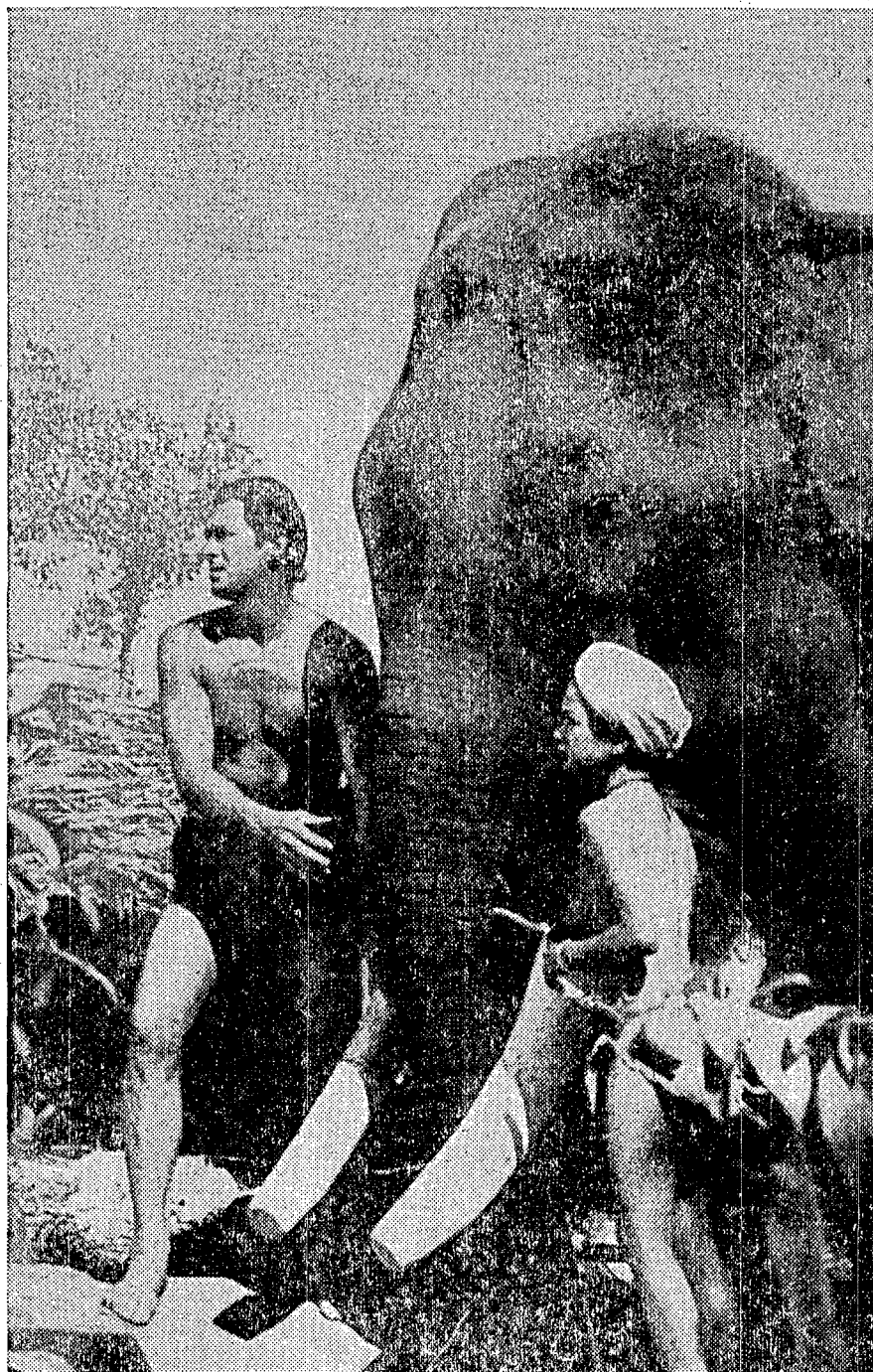
TARZAN, the superman in a loincloth, bursts forth again to help his friends and beat his enemies in MGM's spectacular *Tarzan Goes to India*.

His friends this time are the wild animals of the Mysore jungles, threatened with drowning in the waters of an artificial lake which is to be formed by a big new dam. His enemies are the ruthless construction engineers who state that the death of animals is the price of progress.

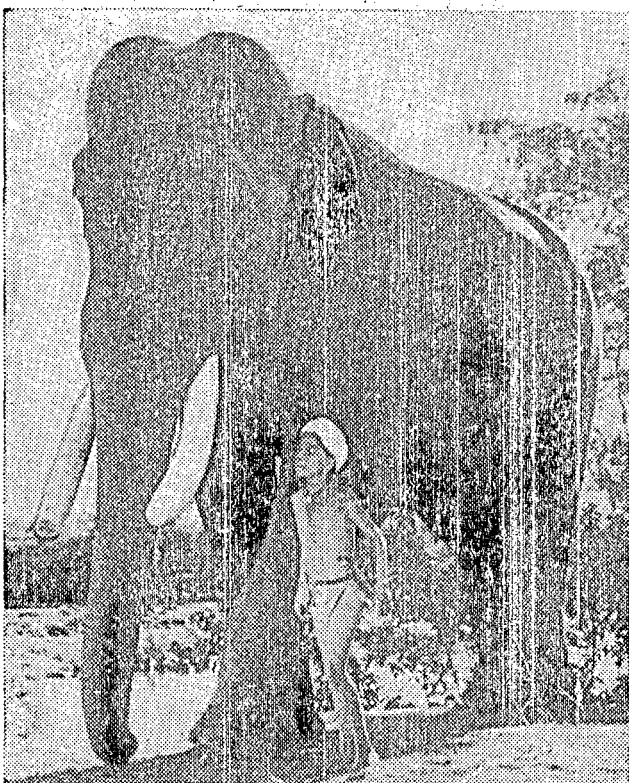
★
Starring
JOCK MAHONEY
as the new
TARZAN
★
and **JAI** the
ELEPHANT BOY
★

Then Tarzan meets an enormous bull elephant, astonishingly ridden by an Indian boy who has some strange power over such beasts and is using it to attack the dam-builders. There follows a desperate attempt to round up the elephants and save them from the flood, a stampede—and a thunderous ending which you must see for yourself.

This is a wonderful parade of wild life.



Tarzan and Jai
and his elephant
friend sense
danger



Jai and his enormous friend



Jai and Tarzan among the elephants of the Mysore jungle

Wouldn't you like to know

- How cattle are branded on the range?
- The life stories of famous American Indians?
- Some tricks to play around the camp fire?
- How to play the game "Pony Express"?

Lots of Western fun and
games in the
Campfire Puzzle Book No. 2

FREE
from
HEINZ
for only one Heinz Baked Beans label

There are hours of interesting things for you to do in this book. Games to play. Puzzles to work out. Pictures of cowboys and Indians to colour. Sixteen pages of fun!

So hurry and send for your free copy. Don't delay—the supply is limited.

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO

Print your name and full postal address clearly, in ink, on the coupon below. Then cut it along the dotted line and send it with a 2½d. stamp for postage and one Heinz Baked Beans label—any size, any variety—to the address shown. In return, you will receive your free copy of the Heinz Campfire Puzzle Book No. 2.

Offer limited to U.K. only—closes on 31st January 1963.



**H. J. HEINZ CO. LTD., DEPT. T10,
100 CROMER STREET, LONDON W.C.1.**

Campfire Puzzle Book No. 2

NAME.....
(Block letters, please)

ADDRESS.....
(Block letters, please)

TOWN.....

COUNTY.....



**Enjoy a real cowboy's breakfast—
Heinz Baked Beans and bacon!**



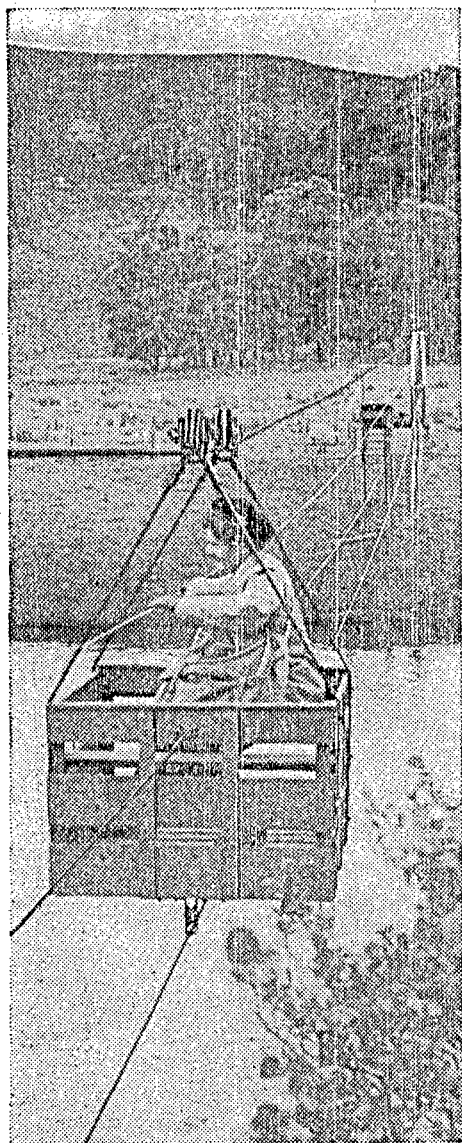
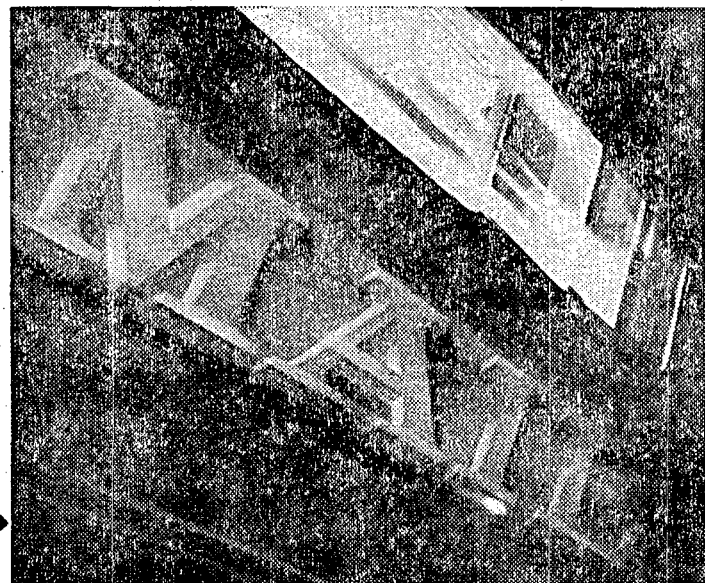


How We Run Our Country

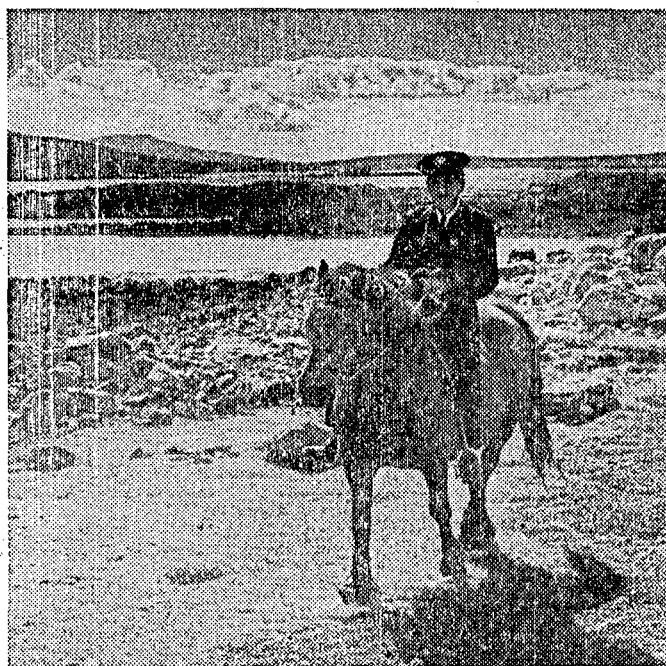
Nº 8: THE POST OFFICE

◀ Sorting on a mail train travelling at a mile a minute

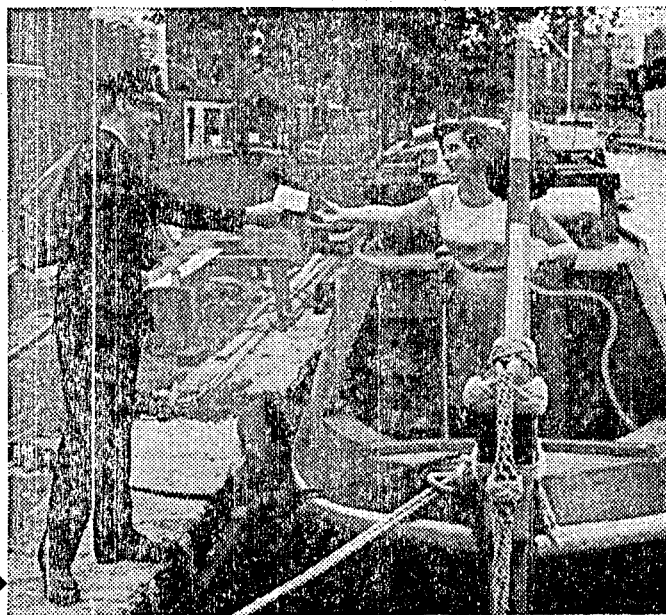
Whoosh! — and there goes the night mail ▶



This postwoman uses a "chair" to cross a Scottish river



Horseback is useful among the lonely crofts of North Uist



Canal barge calls for the mail ▶

The headquarters of the Post Office is in the City of London and its head is a Government minister called the Postmaster-General. Throughout the country there are 25,500 post offices.

Each year some 10,600 million items of mail are carried, which works out at about 33 million items every day of the year. ('Mail' means letters, cards, post-cards, parcels, registered letters and so on.)

But the Post Office does a lot of other things as well. It provides facilities for people to send telegrams. All but a very few of the telephones in the country are owned and operated by the Post Office.

You can obtain postal orders and money orders

from a post office so that you can send money easily by post. It runs a Savings Bank. Perhaps you have a Post Office Savings Book? (If you have, then you are one of 22 million people who save money in the Post Office, and the Post Office looks after a total of some £1,710,000,000 worth of savings.) You can also buy Premium Savings Bonds there.

People draw their pensions and their family allowances at post offices. It is at the post office, too, that they buy the licences that they must have if they have a gun, a dog, a radio or a television set. Car licences can also be obtained. With all this work to do, it is no wonder that the Post Office has as many as 375,000 employees.



It's back-breaking work

OUR CHRISTMAS MAIL



Mountain of good cheer—sorting parcels at Mount Pleasant, London, at the height of the rush

AT CHRISTMAS TIME . . . The Post Office can expect to handle up to 100 million items of mail in a day.

Last year about 935 million letters and cards were delivered between 13th December and 2nd January.

On average every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom received 16 items of mail.

Some 150,000 men and women are taken on as extra help and they include students from every country of the Commonwealth.



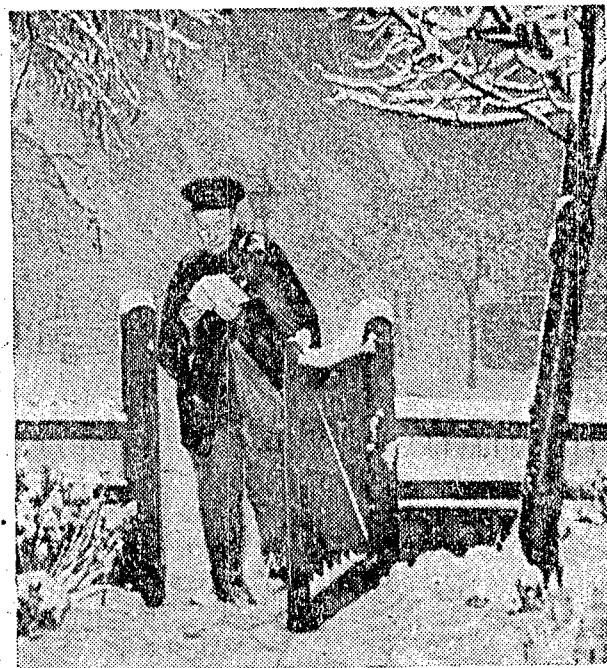
Heartbreak Corner, where the badly-wrapped parcels go for repacking—if possible



A gay armful for northern Europe



Cards addressed "Father Christmas, Iceland"



Snow on his boots—presents in his bag

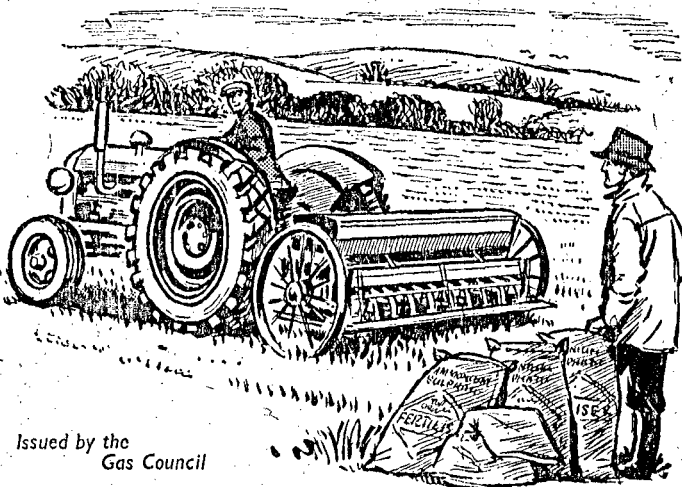


Mr. Therm is a magician. He has a magic lump which is made of coal, ordinary coal. But when he rubs it, his magic powers release its hidden wonders . . .

MAYBE it isn't real magic, but it certainly seems like it! When Mr. Therm treats coal scientifically, he sets free the wealth that has been locked up in it for millions of years. This treatment is called carbonisation. This way, hundreds of different things we use every day can be made. When we burn coal on an open fire, we lose these valuable chemicals up the chimney as smoke and soot. Mr. Therm's magic saves them for us all.

CARBONISATION is Mr. Therm's magic wand. With a few waves and spells he transforms the coal in his wizard's cauldron into gas and coke and three other precious substances—tar, ammonia and sulphur. (The cauldron is really a closed "retort" or large oven, heated to very high temperatures, and no smoke is allowed to escape and go to waste). Ammonia and sulphur have many uses. They are also the starting-points for making countless other things we use. Mr. Therm's magic is the beginning of a chain of substances, linked to each other when chemists use them to make one chemical from another, until we find there are hundreds and thousands of substances that trace their ancestry back to coal.

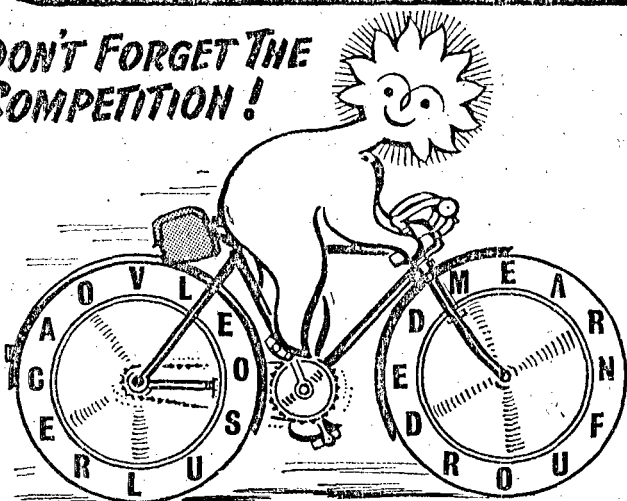
Ammonium sulphate or sulphate of ammonia is made from both ammonia and sulphur. Any farmer or gardener will tell you how useful this is. They use it as a plant food, for it contains nitrogen. Plants need this to grow lush green leaves. In the spring the farmer drills it on his corn or fodder crops to give them a tonic. In a few days the corn shows how it enjoyed the manure, for the leaves are already much greener in colour. The winter rains wash much goodness out of the soil, but ammonium sulphate puts it back again. Or perhaps it was that magic wand at work again.



Issued by the Gas Council

* MR. THERM'S BICYCLE *

DON'T FORGET THE COMPETITION!



The four words hidden in the tyres of Mr. Therm's bicycle all appear in the story above. Write down each alternate letter, and if you start in the right places you will find two words in each tyre. The letters are in the right order. Make a neat list of your answers on a postcard with full name, address and age, ask a parent or guardian to sign it as your own work, then post it to: Mr. Therm's Bicycle No. 3, Children's Newspaper, 26/27 Farringdon St., London, E.C.4 (Comp.) Mr. Therm will award £2 2s. Book Tokens for the three neatest correct entries received by Friday, December 28th. His decision is final!

Mr. Therm's Picture Words No. 6 winners were: Lesley Black, Glasgow; Jayne Lower, Newhaven; Tony Clark, Woking. The words were: BOARD, SELLING, PEOPLE, ADVICE.

COOK FASTER WITH GAS!

A rolled-up bundle of

KAY INNES, staying at Deersmalen, her Uncle Vincent's Scottish home, sees a mysterious black horse rise out of the waters of a desolate loch.

The Innes family have always been Guardians of the Horse, and Kay, because of her resemblance to her uncle, is to succeed him in this duty.

The horse's safety depends upon its existence being kept secret. But Kay's cousin Edgar cannot see why it shouldn't be put in a zoo or a museum.

At a party Jamie is humiliated by an entertainer named Buffy; when he learns that Buffy collects animals for zoos, Jamie is afraid for the Water Horse . . .

7. Edgar breaks his promise

THE giant voice of the brass bell sounded through the house, waking me from my nightmares about Buffy and the Water Horse.

Sara sat bolt upright. "What on earth's happening?" she demanded.

Grey light was leaking in through the curtains.

"Must be someone at the door," I said. "But who? It's hardly light."

Again the bell clanged.

"They're in a hurry, whoever they are," Sara said.

Then we heard Uncle Vincent's heavy footsteps batter their way downstairs.

I FELL asleep again, wondering who it could be, and next time I awoke it was broad daylight. There was no sign of Sara. I washed and dressed in a blouse and jeans and hurried downstairs.

Only Aunt Sadie was in the kitchen.

"Good morning," I said. "Where's everybody?"

"Good morning Kay," Aunt Sadie said. "We've all had breakfast but we just let you sleep on. It seemed a shame to wake you. Sit down and I'll fry you an egg and bacon."

I sat down at the table.

"What happened last night?" I asked.

"Bad news, I'm afraid," Aunt Sadie said. "Mr. MacManus, our family solicitor, is seriously ill. One of the Craig Garth people—Freddie, it was—brought a telegram telling us and asking Vin to go to Edinburgh as soon as possible as there were matters connected with Deersmalen that Mr. MacManus wanted to see him about."

"How will Uncle Vincent get to Edinburgh?" I asked, knowing that there was only one train from Gartleven a day and that it left early in the morning.

"Freddie took him to Gartleven in his car," Aunt Sadie said.

"Then he's gone already?" I asked incredulously. I had been thinking that, if Jamie agreed, we would go to Uncle Vincent and ask him what he thought about Buffy and Edgar.

"How did Freddie get the telegram?" I asked. I was suddenly suspicious. The whole thing was too neat, too convenient.

"The postmistress from Gartleven phoned it through to Craig Garth. She thought there would be someone there with a car and that that would be the quickest way to reach us."

I GOBBLED down the rest of my breakfast and hurried out to look for Jamie.

I ran round the house, calling his name. But there was no sign of him. I climbed up into the hay loft and looked out of the window over the wilderness of Deersmalen's grounds. There was no human being to be seen.

I was just about to turn away when I saw Edgar. From this window one twist of the drive was visible. I only caught a glimpse of him walking away from the house, but I knew as surely as if he had told me himself that he was going to tell Buffy about the Water Horse.

For a second I stood in a blind panic. There was no Fergus, no Uncle Vincent and I couldn't find Jamie! I must do something, now, myself. I must reach Craig Garth and Buffy before Edgar did! I must stop him speaking to Buffy alone.

I hurtled down the loft ladder, grabbed Maggie's bridle and ran up on to the hillside where the ponies were grazing. I called Maggie. It took me ages to get the bridle on but at last I scrambled up on to her back.

We galloped nearly all the way following the track over the hills. When I saw the Craig Garth boundary wall, I put Maggie at it and we sailed smoothly over.

Not until I was almost in full view of Craig Garth did I realise that the horse-box was no longer blocking the path.

SUDDENLY the two things clicked in my mind. The horse-box had gone—the horse-box that had been large enough to hold five horses. The horse-box that would hold the Water Horse!

Frantic with horror, I kicked Maggie on to Craig Garth. When I got there I rapped as hard as I could on the stout wooden door. No-one came. I banged again on the door and kicked against it with my feet.

Then the door opened and Mrs. MacDougall stood there.

"What in heaven's name is the matter?" she said.

"I'm sorry," I gasped. "But it's terribly urgent."

"Hammering on the door like that!"

"Oh, please Mrs. MacDougall," I said. "I must find a man who's staying here! The one they call Buffy. It's terribly important!"

"Buffy?" Mrs. MacDougall said. "And what would you be wanting with him?"

"Oh, I can't begin to tell you," I said. "But you must believe me. It is awfully important that I find him at once."

one-pound notes spells treachery...

The Black Loch

by
Patricia Leitch

"Did he tell her where he was going?"
"Mentioned something about stopping to meet someone from Deersmalen."

SO that was where Edgar had been going—to meet Buffy! I could have kicked myself for being so stupid. Why hadn't I followed Edgar? By now he must be in the horse-box with Buffy taking him to the Black Loch.

I had to get back at once and tell Jamie. He was the only one left who might know what to do.

I mounted Maggie again and galloped back. When we reached the pines around Deersmalen I took the pony's bridle off and patted her neck gratefully. Then I dashed for the house.

"Jamie," I yelled as I got near to the yard. "Jamie." There was no answer. I hung the bridle on its hook and ran indoors.

Jamie was standing at the

our lunch, too," Jamie said. "We'll think about Buffy afterwards. I don't see that he can do much harm because he can't possibly know where the Black Loch is, even if he has picked up rumours about the Horse."

We went through to the dining-room.

EVERYONE was sitting round the table eating. There, next to Jamie's empty chair, was Edgar, placidly munching away.

"Kay, where have you been?" asked Aunt Sadie.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I went for a ride and got a bit muddled," and sat down and began to eat my lunch.

We had almost finished when Edgar suddenly sneezed. His hand went to his trouser pocket. He grabbed a corner of his handkerchief and pulled it out. As he did so, something fell to the floor.

Jamie bent down and picked it up.

"Edgar," I shouted wildly. "Tell him what he wants to know!"



Mrs. MacDougall shook her head.

"Nasty, greedy, crawling little man as ever I clapped eyes on. I could tell you a few things about that one..."

"Please, please, will you just tell me where he is?" I pleaded desperately.

"Well, I don't know just exactly," Mrs. MacDougall said, "but he's gone. In that muckle thing the size of a house. They say he's away to catch some animal or other, but pity help the poor beast he lays his hands on."

"When did he go?"
"A bit ago now. I heard Miss Andrea saying goodbye to him."

kitchen sink filling the water jug.

"Where have you been?" he demanded. "I've been looking everywhere for you."

"Craig Garth," I gasped breathlessly. "Edgar and Buffy have gone to the Black Loch in Andrea's horse-box! They've gone to capture the Water Horse! We've got to stop them Jamie!"

"Edgar is in there eating his lunch," said Jamie.

I couldn't believe my ears.

"Are you sure?" I said.

"Of course I'm sure," Jamie said.

"Jamie, do hurry up," Aunt Sadie called from the dining-room.

"We'll need to go and have

"Yours I think," he said.

Edgar's face flamed crimson.

"How dare you go poking your nose into other people's business!" he exclaimed. And he snatched whatever it was away from Jamie and stuffed it back into his pocket.

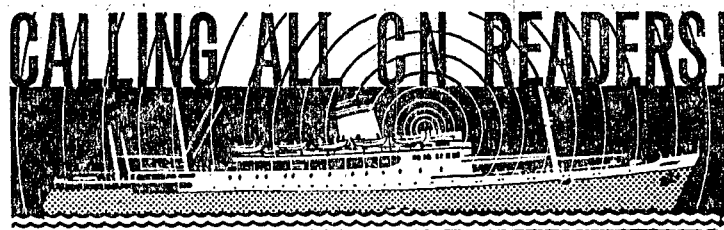
"Edgar!" exclaimed Aunt Sadie. "Behave yourself at the table! What did you pick up, Jamie?"

Edgar gazed fearfully at Jamie. His face had gone deathly pale and his bottom lip was trembling.

"Oh, nothing much," Jamie said to his mother. "Just something Edgar dropped."

"That's right, it's nothing

Continued on page 10



C N has "adopted" a ship! She is the big Union Castle liner Braemar Castle. Once a month one or other of her crew will be writing to you—and they'll all be delighted if you write back, c/o Public Relations Department, 2 St. Mary Axe, London E.C.3.

Last month the Captain wrote to you; here the Purser writes about his work and about Christmas at sea.

CHRISTMAS for most of you will mean turkey, plum pudding, Christmas trees, parties, and carol services. On board the Braemar Castle we shall have all these things, but the main difference between our Christmas and yours will be the temperature. More than 4,000 miles away from the cold of Britain, we shall be anchored off the lovely tropical island of Zanzibar, once the centre of the slave trade, and now famous for the cloves and spices which it exports to all parts of the world.

"The Haven of Peace"

On Christmas Eve we will be in Mombasa, which means "The Island of War," with its grim Fort Jesus, scene of a 33-month siege starting in 1696 and ending in a massacre of its 12 surviving defenders. On Boxing Day we shall be in the palm-fringed harbour of Dar-es-Salaam, which means "The Haven of Peace." These names sum up the fascination of the East African coast, with its stormy past and its peaceful sandy beaches.

With several hundred passengers on board, my department will be busy. One of the main concerns



Mr. Hodge, the Purser.

Braemar Castle's ten-week voyage we use English pound notes and coin until we arrive at Aden; after this we change to East African currency, which differs only slightly from our notes. After Dar-es-Salaam we revert to South African rands and cents (1 Rand = 10s.). We sell stamps, answer queries, deal with complaints (fortunately few), and organise tours at the various ports of call.

Behind the scenes there is plenty of activity, too. Each port



All the fun of Christmas on board.

of a Purser's job is to look after the welfare of the passengers. This includes organising entertainments such as dances, Tombola (the sailors' name for Bingo), film shows, concerts, fancy dress parades, and Ocean Derbys during the evenings, and cricket matches between the ship's officers and passengers, deck tournaments and games; and, of course, the famous "Crossing the Line" Ceremony.

But there is a more serious side to a Purser's work. He and his staff are responsible for all the money spent by passengers on board, and for changing travellers' cheques and currency. On the

needs passenger lists, crew lists, customs and health declarations, and veterinary certificates if we are carrying livestock. These, and numerous other documents, are the responsibility of the Purser's staff, and the result of a mistake in preparing them could mean holding up the entire disembarkation of passengers, or prevent the ship sailing.

But if you like meeting people, don't mind working long hours, and like to travel abroad, it is hard to find a more interesting job than mine.

A Happy Christmas to you all!
A. J. HODGE, Purser

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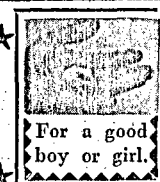
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WORLD OF STAMPS

Special Christmas Issues

EVERY year Christmas-time brings specially designed stamps from several countries. These issues make an attractive display and are usually easy to obtain because they are low values intended mainly for use on greetings cards.

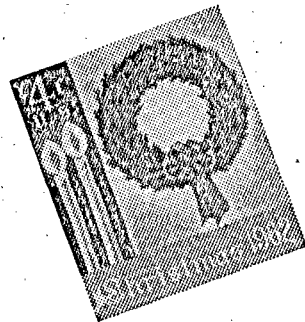
The 2½d. stamp from New Zealand, pictured here, reproduces a painting in the National Gallery, London. It is "The Madonna in Prayer" by an Italian artist, Sassoferrato. This is the third Christmas stamp issued by the New Zealand Post Office and, like the previous two, this year's stamp is printed in full colour.

Spanish wood carving

A wood carving more than 400 years old forms the design of Australia's Christmas stamp, shown here. The carving, which portrays the Virgin Mary and the Infant Jesus, was made by a 16th-century Spanish artist and is now in the National Gallery of Victoria. The new stamp is a 5d. value, purple in colour.

Post offices everywhere like people to "Post Early for Christmas," because so much extra mail has to be sorted and delivered at this time of the year. To help in the "Post Early" campaign the United States Post Office issued its Christmas stamp on 1st November.

The design, pictured here, shows lighted candles and an evergreen wreath tied with a bow of red



ribbon. No fewer than 500 million of these 4-cent stamps have been issued, so that there will be plenty to spare for collectors.

Tucked away in the Alpine ranges of mountains, between Austria and Switzerland, the tiny principality of Liechtenstein has issued three special stamps to celebrate the Christmas season. One value shows the Virgin Mary with her Son and another portrays an angel. Illustrated here is the third value, which has a view in the Liechtenstein village of Mauren.

Colourful seals

As well as being a time for special issues of postage stamps, Christmas is also the season when gaily coloured seals, or labels, are sold in aid of various charities. These seals cannot be used to prepay postage but many collectors like to include a few in their albums.

The first Christmas seals were sold in Denmark in 1904 and since then the idea of issuing them has spread to many countries throughout the world.

Among the charities which benefit from sales of Christmas seals in Norway are the Norwegian Red Cross, the Children's Sanatorium and the Norwegian Seamen's Mission. Pictured here is a Christmas seal issued in Norway in 1953. "God Jul!" (A Merry Christmas!) says the snowman as he raises his hat.

C. W. HILL

THE BLACK LOCH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

really," Edgar mumbled. He put his knife and fork together and pushed back his chair. "I'm not feeling very well," he said. "I think I'll go and lie down for a bit."

JAMIE stood up and, putting his hand on Edgar's shoulder, said: "Perhaps you'll feel better if you come outside," and he dragged Edgar roughly to his feet. "Shona, Kay, come on."

Obediently Shona and I followed them out of the house, across the grass and into the yard. Jamie led the way to a crumbling shed stacked with bales of straw. "Show the others what you've got in your pocket," Jamie ordered.

As if he had no will of his own, Edgar put his hand in his pocket and brought out a thick wad of pound notes, doubled over and held together with an elastic band. Shona and I gazed dumb-foundedly at the money.

"Now tell us where you got it from," Jamie said.

Edgar sat pale and silent, but I knew without being told where the money had come from. Edgar had sold the Water Horse.

Jamie walked across and stood over Edgar. Then he knocked him to the floor. "Tell me what you told Buffy," he said again.

As he stood over the cowering, white-faced Edgar, I realised fully for the first time how strong and unyielding was the love for the Water Horse that was bred in the chosen ones of the House of Innes. I remembered with awful clarity how the skean-dhu had flashed in Jamie's hand as it slashed Buffy's rope. I imagined the knife flashing again in Jamie's clenched fist if Edgar didn't confess.

"**EDGAR,**" I shouted wildly. "Tell him what he wants to know! You'll need to tell him in the end!"

Staring down at the money in his hands, Edgar spoke.

"It was last night I told Buffy," he said in a low, flat voice. "He was the only one at the dance that even bothered to speak to me. You all just ignored me. Everybody did until Buffy came up and started talking to me about trapping wild animals for zoos."

"And so you told him about the Water Horse," Shona interrupted scornfully.

"He mentioned it first," Edgar said. "Andrea had told him that she'd seen a water horse when she was a child, and somehow I just told him what I'd seen."

"That's all you told him?" Jamie demanded. "Just how you'd seen the Water Horse? When did he give you the money?"

"I met him this morning at the foot of the drive. He gave me the money then." Edgar buried his face in his hands. "And I gave him my compass

readings and a map with the way to the Black Loch marked on it."

"Compass readings!" Jamie caught his breath in sharply. "So you'd a compass with you, you beastly little rat! That means Buffy is on his way to the Black Loch now."

"He's taken Andrea's horse-box from Craig Garth," I said. "It had gone when I was there this morning."

Jamie turned to Edgar. "Get out and stay out for ever and ever, you dirty traitor."

Edgar stumbled across to the open doorway. He paused, one hand on the door jamb, then he turned and faced us.

"**YOU** can say what you like," he said in a strangled, choking voice, "but I did the right thing. It's greedy and selfish of you trying to keep the Water Horse hidden away! As Buffy says, it doesn't belong to you. It belongs to the world. Everywhere there are scientists and

naturalists that should know about the Horse and be given a chance to examine it."

"You don't know what you're saying," Jamie spat out the words as if they were poison. "You sold the Water Horse for money. You broke the solemn promise you gave my father, and you broke faith with all the past generations of Inneses for a few dirty pound notes."

"I didn't, I didn't!" Edgar screamed. "I didn't want the money! He made me take it. I only wanted other people to share the Water Horse. I didn't want the money! Take it!" And he flung it from him.

The elastic band burst and the pound notes fluttered down on to the stone floor. With a choking sob Edgar turned and ran away across the yard.

To be continued

THE BLACK LOCH will be published in March next year by William Collins & Sons Ltd., at 12s. 6d.

© Patricia Leitch 1962

PICK A PUZZLE

by
Guy Williams

Such a Good King

Can you answer the clues below? When you have done so, re-arrange the letters in each of the three words to form one complete name—that of a king of whom much is heard during the pre-Christmas period.

Not old (three letters).
The French for "dry" (three letters).
Jonathan's father (four letters).

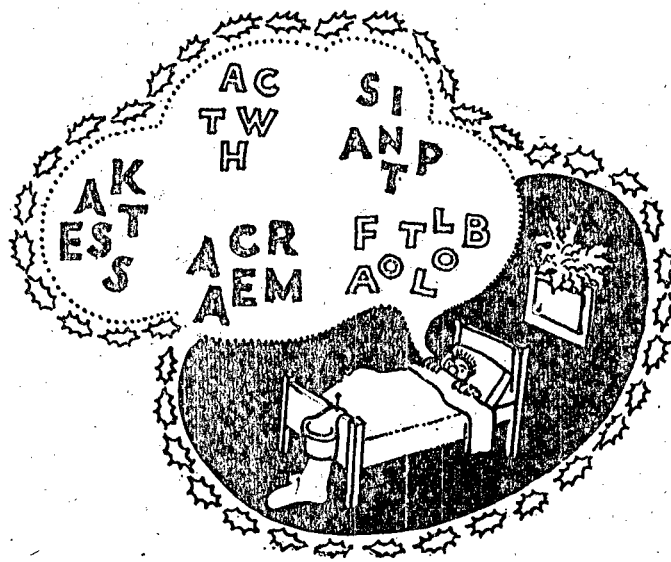
A plant by numbers

Can you, from the clues below, find the name of a plant parasite that is seen in many homes during Christmas? The numbers indicate the position of each letter in the answer.

To 1694 is to encounter.
1237 is a kind of fog.
There are five 7893 to the foot.
A 5237 is a catalogue.
You can climb over or sit on a 34256.

PRICKLY PLEASURE

My first is in happy, and also in cheer,
My second's in old, it's left out of year;
My third is in ghostly, it's missing from fright,
My fourth is in Yule, log, lantern, and light;
My fifth is in jolly, it's also in merry,
My whole is a tree which bears a bright berry.



ALL IN A STOCKING

EACH of the jumbled-up groups of letters will spell the name of something the boy hopes to find in his stocking on Christmas morning. Can you unravel the names of all five gifts?



FIND THE
WAY FOR
FATHER
CHRISTMAS

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

The stars between the rows of letters represent the letters in the name of a bird which is especially in mind at Christmas time. If you guess the name correctly, six three-letter words will have been formed.

A R A S D E
* * * * *
E G M Y N E
* * * * *

That Special Day

Can you re-arrange the letters in the words below to form the name of a day uppermost in everyone's mind at this time?

ITS A DRY CHASM

THERE are four entrances to the grounds. Can you find the only route which will take Father Christmas to the house?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

Crossword: ACROSS: 1 Waits. 4 Alp. 6 Raced. 9 Orion. 10 Ultra. 11 Dear. 12 A solar year. 16 Red Admiral. 19 Spot. 23 Elkhounds. 24 Ensur. 25 Trees. 26 Ems. 27 Asset. DOWN: 1 Wronged. 2 In Ireland. 3 Sonata. 4 Ascends. 5 Parasol. 6 Rescuers. 7 Comet. 8 Despair. 13 Oar. 14 Expresses. 15 Odd looks. 16 Retreat. 17 Incense. 18 Arrests. 20 Taste it. 21 Camera. 22 Ankle. Such a good king: New, sec. Saul—WENCESLAUS. A plant by numbers: Mistletoe. Prickly pleasure: Holly. All in a stocking: Watch; paints; skates; camera; football. Food for thought: Turkey. That Special Day: Christmas Day.

By Guy Williams

INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG COLLECTORS

Collecting is one of the most popular hobbies of today. This book gives hints for making a home museum as well as collecting wine- and cheese-labels, horse-brasses, heraldic objects, etc., and the traditional favourites, stamps, coins, shells, butterflies and flowers, etc. 12/6 net

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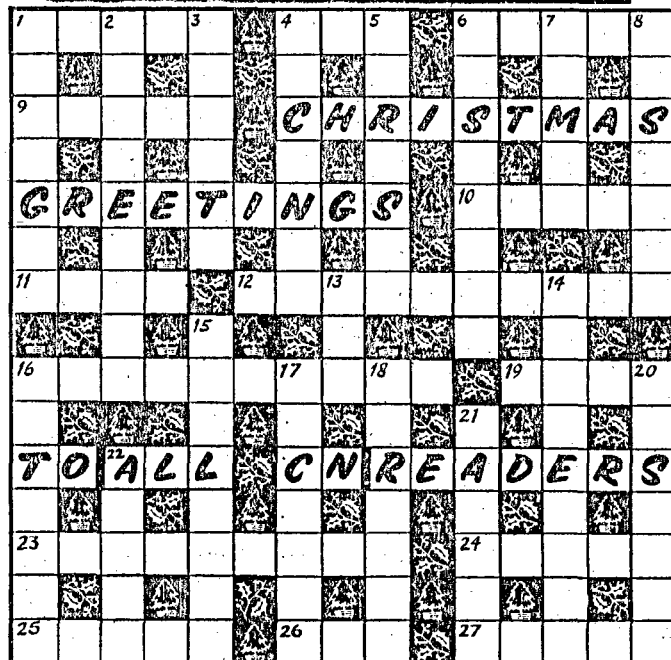
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Christmas Crossword



ACROSS: 1 They sing at your door at this time of the year. 4 Mountain. 6 Sped. 9 The Hunter in the sky. 10 Extra special. 11 Costly. 12 Earth's journey round the Sun (three words, 1, 5, 4). 16 Butterfly commander on a Russian ship? 19 Stain. 23 Dogs originally bred to hunt a large species of deer. 24 To follow. 25 These are a feature at Christmas time. 26 Printers' measures. 27 Advantage. DOWN: 1 Did harm to. 2 Where Cork is to be found (two words, 2, 7). 3 Musical composition. 4 Rises. 5 Sunshade. 6 Saviours. 7 Heavenly body, or aircraft. 8 To give up hope. 13 Used for propelling a boat. 14 Fast locomotives. 15 You may get these if you behave strangely (two words, 3, 5). 16 Run away. 17 To make angry. 18 Captures. 20 What you might do while mixing the Christmas pudding (two words, 5, 2). 21 It captures the image! 22 Part of the leg.

If you enjoy this feature every week, you will be delighted by:

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Use your **EYES!** 10/6
Use your **LEISURE!** 12/6
Use your **HEAD!** 12/6
Use your **SPARE TIME!** 12/6
Use your **LEGS!** 12/6
Use your **PLAYTIME!** 12/6

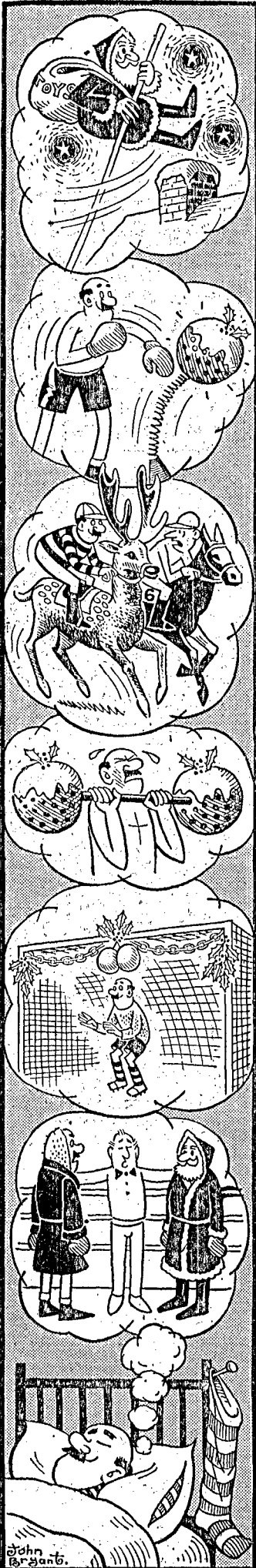
By GUY R. WILLIAMS

Ideal Christmas presents for all young people

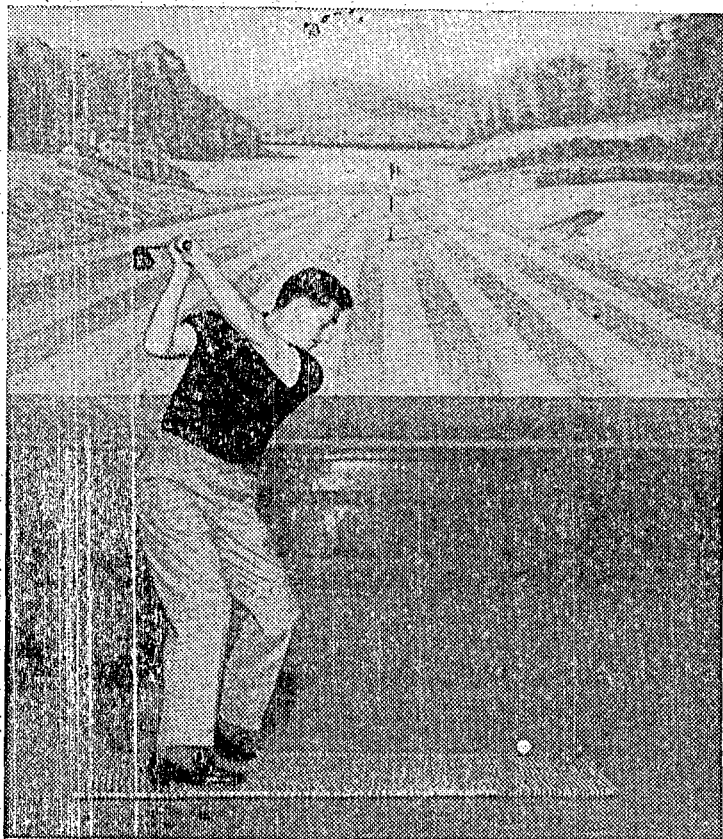


CHAPMAN AND HALL

ALL-ROUND ALFIE



NO LOST BALLS ON THIS COURSE



WHAT is said to be Britain's first indoor golf "course" has been installed in a former cinema at Prestwich, near Manchester.

The auditorium has been cleared and from the back of it a golfer can drive a ball 200 feet to the "fairway," represented by a coloured canvas picture occupying the site of the cinema screen.

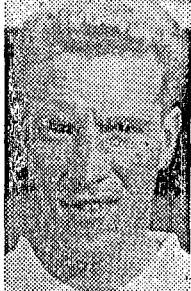
A protecting net covers the picture, and the ball drops from it into a trough, to be carried back to the tee by conveyor belt and plastic pipe.

During the winter months the "course," which has nine teeing stations, should not only be of value to experienced golfers, but of especial benefit to young players.

Land for Flowers in Brazil

RON FLOWERS, of the Wolves, and his colleagues in England's World Cup team have become landowners in Brazil, where the matches were played!

A British-owned property company there has given 25 acres of forest land to the team as a reward for good efforts in the Cup games. It is worth only about £5 an acre. But it may be worth more years hence.



Ron Flowers

Extras...

Athletics

The English Schools Athletics Association will hold its cross-country championship at Coventry on 16th March.

Cricket

Wisden's famous Cricketers' Almanack reaches its century next year. To mark the occasion, Wisden's have put up a trophy for the Test series between England and the West Indies.

Hockey

A Great Britain team is to compete in an international tournament at Lyons, France, next September.

Lawn tennis

Bobby Wilson, omitted from much international tennis in the past year, will be No. 1 player in the International Club of Great Britain team to meet the Real Club de Barcelona in Spain on 11th-13th January.

Motor racing

Because of their cost, no more Coventry Climax engines will be made for Grand Prix racing. In the five years in which these engines have been fitted to British Prix cars, 22 wins have been recorded.

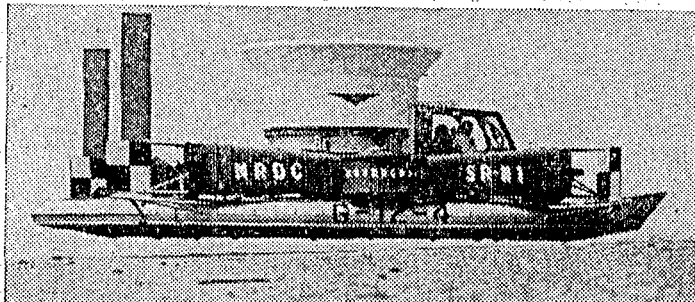
Rugby

The Argentine champions, San Isidro, are to make a six-weeks tour of Britain and France in the New Year. All 32 in the party are paying their own expenses.

SPORT



FICTION TO FACT



Flying Carpets were well known to oriental story-tellers. The tale of Prince Ahmed, from the Arabian Nights, mentions one bought by his brother Hussan. The wise King Solomon was said to have a gigantic carpet, steered by the wind, which could transport his entire army.

Recently something remarkably like a flying carpet has been invented—the Hovercraft. Built for research purposes, it is supported on a cushion of air, can take off vertically and move over level land, sea or marsh.

DUNLOP SYMBOL OF PROGRESS

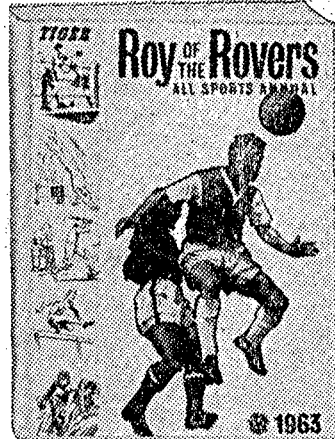


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